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POETRY.

From the Salem (Ms.) Observer.

"FAIR FREEDOM'S HAPPY HOME."

ODE FOR JULY 4TH—BY MELZAR GARDNER.

Awake the glad shout—let the sound ring out,
 Like the swelling trumpet's tone.
And the song shall tell to the world how well
 Was the prize of Freedom won!
'T was a gloomy day—no cheering ray
 Shone on their onward path,
When a patriot band first made a stand
 For Liberty or Death!"
But the work was done—the prize was won—
 To us the boon has come;
While rolls the sea, our land shall be
 Fair Freedom's happy home!

Their hands unstained—themselves untamed
 In battle's dread array,
They had nerve to bear, and souls to dare
 The terrors of the fray
Their nerves were steel, but their hearts could feel
 The wrongs their country felt,
And they braved the storm, unmoved and firm—
 To God alone they knelt.
And the work was done—the prize was won—
 To us the boon has come;
While rolls the sea, or land shall be
 Fair Freedom's happy home!

On Bunker's height, at deep midnight,
 The band of heroes stood;
We may trace their toil on that holy soil
 They moistened with their blood.
And all that day the fearful fray
 Raged on that battle field,
And the foeman's dart pierced many a heart
 That had been Freedom's shield.
But the work was done—the prize was won—
 To us the boon has come;
While rolls the sea, our land shall be
 Fair Freedom's happy home!

On land and tide—our country's pride—
 Her flag—to the breeze was given
From its starry gleam, to hill and stream,
 The foe was backward driven.
They have passed away like a quiet day,
 Like a ripple on the deep;
That banner waves o'er the quiet graves
 Where its brave defenders sleep.
But their work is done—their prize is won—
 To us the boon has come;
While rolls the sea—our land shall be
 Fair Freedom's happy home!

Hartford, Ct. June, 1837.

SELECTED TALE.

ELLEN—A SKETCH.

BY JOHN INMAN.

Sweet Ellen! How many years have fled since I have dared to think of thee, and of the happiness we knew together! She was an orphan, but not friendless; wealth, immense wealth, as it was deemed in the remote village where we lived, awaited her arrival at the age of legal womanhood. I was the youngest son of a poor farmer. Ellen and I were classmates in the village seminary, for, in the simple custom of the place and time, the boys and girls were led along the path of learning together; as yet the necessity of separate establishments, or of distinct classes in the same, were not discovered, and Ellen's guardian could see no reason in the wealth that was to become hers, why her education should not be gained at the same school, and in precisely the same manner as that of his own sons and daghters. She was a lovely gentle girl; more given to study than to play, and yet more to solitude and thought than either. In truth, there was something almost unnatural in her passion for lone places; even when a child, she would steal away to the shades of the old pine forest just beyond the village, and lie for hours upon the grass beneath some huge and solemn tree, dreaming, perhaps, of ten thousand wild and beautiful imaginings which to clothe in language would have been far beyond her power. She was already at the school when I became a pupil; there our acquaintance began; a week sufficed to make us friends, and friendship soon ripened into that most innocent and lovely of all human sentiments, childish love. We read, and thought, and rambled together; conned our lessons from the same book, laughed or wept over the same stories, and joined our voices in the same wild ditties. Our schoolmates teased us, and the men and women of the village laughed at our juvenile attachment; but we were happy, and went on loving each other, though we knew not even the name of the feeling that bound us together. So we grew up, and from children became a country lad and maiden; less together than in more childish years, but still simple, guileless, and when we could meet, still happy in each other's society. But a change came over, not our feelings, but our situations. Ellen's guardian was advised to place her in a boarding school at the county town of H., there to acquire the accomplishments befitting her wealth and station; and I, in the fashion of my country, removed to a distant village and took charge of a school, for the sake of earning wherewithal to maintain myself at college. We parted kindly and sadly yet not as lovers; we called ourselves only friends and school companions, almost from our infancy. It was not until nearly a year of absence had enabled me to understand the nature of my own feelings, that I knew myself a lover; and another rolled away, before I began to perceive how little hope there was for love so placed as mine. How great the obstacles between wealth and poverty! The discovery was made, however; not from others, or from books, but simply by the aid of that worldly knowledge which now began to dawn upon my mind. Need it be told, that with the knowledge came wretchedness for a companion?

I went to college, and two more years elapsed before I visited my parents. Ellen was still in my heart, but I scarcely hoped, or even wished to meet her; I was prepared to find myself forgotten, and to forget in turn, was to be my only effort. I did not ask, or even speak of her; but if I was silent, so were not my mother and sisters. The tidings they made haste to give me were sweet, yet full of sorrow; Ellen had returned more beautiful and more accomplished, but otherwise unchanged; still the same kind, affectionate, and gentle creature she had ever been at school; and although now in the enjoyment of her wealth, and conscious of the duties and advantages attendant on its possession, still modest, simple, and unpretending, as when we parted. I loved her all the more at hearing this; but with the increase of affection came no thought of its indulgence or encouragement. They wished me to pay her an early visit, assuring me of her delight at meeting her old schoolmate and companion in childhood; and nothing could exceed their displeasure and astonishment at my refusal; they ascribed it to forgetfulness!

There was one of our ancient haunts which I longed to see once more. It was a lonely spot, where the bank of the river rose abruptly from the water's edge to the height of forty or fifty feet; but on the landward side, descended by a gentle slope, carpeted with verdure, and crowned with trees and shrubbery. The way to this wild place was little known and seldom traversed, for the distance from the village was considerable, and the path ran through a gloomy swamp with many turns and windings, which made it difficult to find, altho' perfectly safe to one that knew it accurately. It had been a favorite resort of mine in boyhood, and after I became acquainted with Ellen, we had rambled through the swamp, and stood upon the high steep bank together, hundreds of times, watching the fish-hawks as they soared above the stream, or the king-fisher darting along its margin; and on the second day of my return, taking advantage of a moment when the whole household was engaged I slipped out to the well remembered pathway.—every step was a remembrance, but I hurried forward, eager to behold once more a place with which in memory was linked so much of happiness that never could return.

I had traversed nearly half the distance, when, upon turning an angle of the path, I saw but a few yards before me a female, dressed with more taste and elegance than were customary with the village maidens; she was standing, but with her face in the direction I was pursuing, and her attitude, I thought, expressed fear and agitation. I hastened to the spot, and quickly perceived the cause of her alarm in a monstrous snake, lying coiled up in the path just before her. As I approached she turned, and disclosed the pale but lovely features of my Ellen. An exclamation of joy and thankfulness, in which my name was mingled, struck upon my heart, even in that moment of anxiety, with a feeling of perfect happiness, for it told me that I too was remembered.

The reptile was quickly put to flight, and after a few words of frank and cordial greeting, Ellen placed her arm in mine, and we were again following the path so often traversed in former years. The manner of our unexpected meeting seemed to bring us back at once to the feelings of the past, and our discourse was full of kindness and mutual confidence; the time in which we had been strangers to each other seemed to be totally forgotten; we were again the Frank and Ellen of the village school, and I, perfectly happy. We rambled on until we reached the brow of the steep bank; the river was much swollen by recent heavy rains, and rushed along beneath us, angry, black, and rapid, with a hoarse and dissonant murmur. Long we stood, engaged in pleasant converse; recollections of the past, mutual queries and replies of present things and prospects, and kind anticipations of the future. Ellen's looks, and voice, and language, wrought upon me like a spell; doubts and fears were banished in a moment, and I gave myself up, body and soul, to the long restrained passion of my heart.

I want words to express the total change wro't in my feelings by this interview; my love for Ellen was no longer a misfortune, a source of misery, a wild and hopeless dream, which to cherish was destruction; I rejoiced in it, cherished it; and by so many artless tokens did the lovely woman seem to manifest her identity of feeling with the child of former years, that I almost dared to hope there would be no presumption even in believing it was already mutual. Oh, happiness! how bright, how brief, and followed by what utter misery! Her hand was clasped in mine; a blush was on her cheek, and affection was sparkling in her eyes: the words of love were on my lips—another moment, and they would have been uttered, when I felt the earth beneath me tremble—a fearful shriek burst from the lips of her I loved so well, and in an instant she was gone from my side; the solid mass on which we stood, undermined by the swollen torrent, sunk with a fearful crash into the dark rapid stream, leaving me suspended from a branch to which I had clung with the instinct of self preservation; but Ellen was gone forever. I saw her for a moment as she rose to the surface—heard her last dreadful scream of agony—helpless, powerless to save—ere I could move, or even think what to do, her lifeless form was hurried far away by the rushing torrent!

Lying. Do not parents often unconsciously encourage habits of falsehood in their children by their own example? A child, for instance, observes its mother send word to the door, when a visiter calls, that she is not at home. Now the child knows this to be a falsehood—it has not yet learned to distinguish between the nice shades of a lie and a white lie—nor to understand that conventional agreement which exists in refined society on this subject. You may lecture to this child as much as you will on the sin of lying; but one such example like that which I have mentioned, is sufficient to upset all our fine moral theories, and to nullify all attempts to inculcate a love of truth. Children are greater observers of what is passing around them than we give them credit for—we should, at least, set before them only as we would have them act; for what they see their parents do they will themselves do, and think they may rightly do it.—*N. Y. Constel.*

Maple Sugar. Mr Simeon Dunham of this town, has made the present season from the sap of the Rock maple, one hundred and ten pounds of good dry sugar, from two hundred and fifty six gallons of sap—and a part of it yielded about a pound of sugar to two gallons of sap. ☞Beat this sugar beet.—*Vt Mercury.*

AGRICULTURAL.

WHEAT—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The New York Farmer publishes a letter from the Rev. Mr Colman, announcing an important discovery for the destruction of the grain fly.

The grain fly or insect, which, for a few years past, has been destructive to wheat in many parts of the country, has this year extended its ravages, and excited, wherever he made his appearance, very serious alarm. An eminent farmer in the State of New York, wrote to me a year since, that he must give up the cultivation of wheat, as his crops were so much injured, that he hardly obtained a return equal to the seed sown. I knew another instance in the same State, where [illegible] the appearance promising yet from 13 bushels sown, not more than seven were obtained.

I have known other cases in which the whole field has been mowed and sold for litter; and in a recent excursion up the valley of the Connecticut, I have heard complaints every where, and hundreds of acres so destroyed, that the grain they would yield would hardly pay for reaping. Besides this, the same insect has destroyed many fields of rye in the same manner as the wheat, and has been found this year in the oats: the progress of the insect has been about 40 miles in a year; and a distinguished gentleman in Vermont, a practical and extensive farmer, remarked that he feared they would on this account be obliged to relinquish the cultivation of small grains.

The habits of the insect have not yet been accurately observed. I myself have not yet seen the fly, but have seen the worms in the kernel after the grain has been destroyed. He is represented as being a small reddish fly, which is seen hovering over the wheat fields in immense numbers, while just in flower, and has been observed to light upon the kernal or bud, to ascend it, and then descending to the inner side, to deposite her egg between the stalk and the kernal. I purposely avoid the use of all scientific terms, wishing to be understood by common farmers. From this egg the worm is generated, which entirely consumes the grain while in the milk, leaving nothing but the husk, in which are found several yellow worms, about an eighth of an inch long. As the work of destruction is now completed, any farther observations are of no importance, unless we can some way reach so as to destroy the germ of the insect. No preparation of the seed or ground has yet been found effectual to this end.

The continuance of the fly upon the grain is thought not to exceed three or four days, and they are seen in great numbers just at night. Some farmers have found late sowing a partial security, as the season for the flies has passed away before the wheat was in condition for their attack.

Spring wheat sown as late as the 7th and 8th of June, has been untouched, though in case of such very late sowing, the farmer will be fortunate if, in attempting to escape the fly, he does not get nipt by the frost.

I have now, however, the extraordinary happiness of announcing to the agricultural public, what there is reason to believe, will prove an effectual, as it is a reasonable and feasible preventative. Shou'd it prove effectual, the remedy will be worth millions and millions of dollars to the country. It was communicated to me, on a late tour of agricultural inquiry and observation, by Dr. Eliquant Lyman, of Lancaster, New Hampshire, an intelligent, and practical farmer, whose crop of wheat unusually averages from 25 to 30 bushels per acre. It consists in the application of fine slacked lime to the wheat, just at the time of its heading out and flowering, at the rate of about a peck to the acre.

It is sown broadcast upon the wheat while the dew is on, and the field is rendered white with it. The best mode of applying it is with the hand, and for the person who sows it, taking his proper breadth or cast, to walk backwards, so that he may not cover himself with the lime. It must be sown while the wheat is wet, or the dew is on, and the philosophy of its application is very simple. The maggot of the fly is deposited between the grain and the stalk. It is, of course, an animal substance. The lime or alkali, mixed with the dew, is carried down upon, and neutralizes or destroys it. Dr. Lyman has now tried this preventative 3 successive years, and has invariably as he assures me, saved his crops, while those of his neighbors have been destroyed.

I visited, at the same time, the field of a Mr Bellows, in the same town, who had been advised by Dr. Lyman, to make this application.—The field consisted of several acres. He did it; it has proved successful, and what is strongly confirmatory of the value of this remedy, is the fact that a field of rye, belonging to Mr Bellows, adjoining his wheat, and I think within the same enclosure, which was not limed, has been nearly destroyed by the fly.

These are certainly very important experiments, and I make no delay in presenting them to the public. Dr. Lyman has promised me a more particular account of the experiment and result, and likewise Mr Bellows, which as soon as received I shall be happy to communicate. I have received indirect and indefinite communications, that the same experiment has been successfully made in Gilmantown, N. H.; but I have not been able to obtain either the name or the details.

HENRY COLMAN.

Meadowbanks, May 10, 1837.

Our friends in the old world often charge us with extravagances. We think the following from a French Journal (says Noah) is stretching the joke a little to far:—

"EXTRAORDINARY PLANT.—There is a plant inhabiting the vast prairies of North America, the ends of the leaves being armed with teeth, which have the power of closing up on being irritated by any substance, as for instance a fly; indeed, these seem to be the natural food of the plant. A French philosopher engaged in the investigation of its properties, put many of these plants in situations where they could not get any insects, and they gradually faded. He also fed some of them with beef scrapings, and these plants throve well.

From the Vermont Telegraph.

TO FARMERS.

MR EDITOR;—As I believe farmers in general intend in future, to pursue the good old way of increasing their wealth by raising and keeping more of those valuable animals called horned cattle, I will name as I believe, an infallible remedy for such as may be in the distressed situation of being choked with an apple, potato, or other hard substance. The remedy is simple and safe, when given without Loco-focos, Lucifers, or any other forms of fire. *Don't laugh!* Take gun powder—the most convenient way is to put it up in a paper in the form of a common cartridge, say three inches in length—and introduce the cartridge into the throat of (this is done by holding out the tongue) let the head of the creature be held up for a moment, to prevent spitting out the powder, and the choking substance will be immediately ejected. Remember it and try it. Very many of the human species have been relieved by taking powder in desperate cases. This simple remedy ought to be more generally known—as thereby many valuable lives may be saved.

JOHN CONANT.

Brandon, June 20, 1837.

Beet Root. Since the introduction of this valuable root into France, or rather since its extensive cultivation for the making of sugar, the French government and chemists have been indefatigable in turning it to the best advantage. The *Journal des Debats* now states, that M. Dubrunfant has discovered a method of extracting potash, equal to the foreign imports, from the residue of the molasses after distillation; which residue had previously, after producing some alcohol, been thrown away as worthless. This important process supplies 1 6th of potash to the quantity of sugar obtained, and is calculated at 7,000,000 kilogrammes per annum; the price of which would amount to from eight to nine millions of francs. The manufacture of sugar from beet root is so rapidly increasing in France, that the duties on imported sugar, for the first nine months of 1836, are 4,093, 803 francs less than for the corresponding nine months of 1836.

POLITICAL.

Mr Webster reached Peoria, Ill. on the 21st ult. and was received with great cordiality by nearly the entire population of that thriving town. He was forced to decline their invitation to a Public Dinner, on account of the little time remaining for the completion of his tour before the day appointed for the meeting of Congress. Before setting forward on the following morning, however, he addressed the assembled multitude in a speech of an hour. As we have published none of his Western speeches heretofore, we make room for the more important portion of this, as reported by the editor of the Peoria Gazette:—*N. Yorker.*

Congress has power to declare war and make peace, and to regulate commerce. In the same way that it has power to do these things, it has authority to regulate the currency of the country. The general government is authorized to coin money; yet it is forbidden, it is contended, to regulate the currency; it has power to issue bills of credit, yet still is forbidden to establish a national bank. What will the doctrine set up by those who deny the power of congress to establish a national bank lead to? We saw its operation in the early history of the country, and we have seen it since. During the revolutionary war, and immediately following that event, we had issues of continental paper by the different states, no two of which corresponded, but each possessed a different value from the other, and so it will be again. There cannot be a case where the government has power to regulate the commerce of the country without having power also to regulate and establish the currency. * * *

I have had some participation in our national legislation for the last 25 years. The first U. S. Bank was chartered in Gen. Washington's administration, in 1791 for 20 years, and expired in 1811. During this period no bank suspended specie payments, save perhaps here and there one, whose affairs were grossly mismanaged. A bill to re-charter the bank in 1811, was lost by the casting votes of the respective officers of the two houses of congress. In 1812 the war with Great Britain followed, and all the banks south of New England stopped specie payments at once, as they have done now within the last six weeks. This depreciation in the currency of the country cost the government an immense sum in the prosecution of the war. I knew a man, who having a claim against the treasury, received payment in treasury notes, which he could only convert into specie at a discount of 25 per cent. In this case, as in all others of payment in the depreciated paper of the country, the government was the loser.

This derangement of the currency and the destruction of private and public confidence, had attained such a height in 1814 that the subject again came before congress for their solemn deliberation. I was then a member of the house of representatives, and was appointed upon a committee to devise and propose measures of relief. The result of its deliberations was a proposition to recharter the Bank of the United States, which has expired by limitation three years previously. * * *

Gentlemen, I must here mention a name which can only be pronounced with the profoundest veneration and respect. It is that of one of the framers of the constitution, JAMES MADISON. That great and good man had been opposed to the bank, and said its constitutionality involved a question upon which men might wisely differ. But he co'ld no longer oppose the sentiment of the whole country. Public necessity loudly demanded it, and I now, said he, recommend to congress the charter of a national bank. A bill was accordingly introduced in 1816, and became a law.

For my support of a national bank then, as well as for my continued support of it, you have heard me called, in the eastern states and in the west and even here upon your river, and in the flourishing town, a bank attorney, bank hireling, bank advocate, bank pensioner, and every term that excited party feeling can invent. But none of these things offend me. I foresaw what would follow the breaking down of this institution, and I avowed it. I do not see the state of things now with any more certainty than I foresaw it then. I at least have not been humbugged. [A laugh.] Now is the time to go back, and see who was the bank hireling, the bank advocate, let men clamor as much as they may.

I was opposed to all the measures of the late administration, having reference to the regulation of the currency, from the word go. The late President of the United States, a man of high purpose, [illegible] I have never questioned, said in 1832, he could submit a plan by which the moneyed concerns of the government would be much better conducted and carried on. From that time the "experiment" has been in progress, and what does it prove? Why, that great a soldier as he was, he was mistaken in his powers as a financier, and that the country is now in a condition far worse than it was then. Instead of the Bank of the United States he has given us innumerable state banks, as depositories of the public treasure, who act in no concert save the agreement simultaneously to become bankrupt. [A laugh.] Whether they will be as unanimous to resume specie payments remains to be seen.

The government is the great receiver and disburser of the money of the country, and it gives character to the currency. Its effect on the currency is similar to the flowing of your rivers. Your Illinois and Upper Mississippi flow on, till the mighty Missouri, with its volume of water pours in and gives to all its own character and force, absorbing in its course, the Wabash, the Ohio, and the others that empty into it, while it pursues its restless way to the ocean. Thus there must be a controlling power to direct and give force and efficiency to the various state banking institutions in our government. Such an one was the Bank of the United States, and if the government rejects it, it must find out a better way. On this subject a little experience is worth more than a financial argument.

For forty years, while we had a national bank, we had the best currency on earth. Does any man here want a better one? For 40 years, I repeat, out of 48, since the organization of our government. What have the eight years been? Here is one of them, Anno Domini 1837. [A laugh.] 1812, 13 and 14 were three more of them. * * * * * *

I hold in utter contempt the understanding of men who apprehend danger from a national bank guarded by proper restrictions upon its charter. What did they do, who opposed its re-charter, when they succeeded in destroying the last? They went home and created new banks to the amount of ten times its capital. * * *

Gentlemen, I was opposed to all the late measures of the government in reference to the currency—to the breaking down of the United States Bank—to the removal of the deposites—to the specie circular—and to all the circulars which have issued from the same source. I thought that under the old system we were doing well enough, and I was willing to let *well enough* alone. But what have we got in the place of it? I think we have got *bad enough*. [A laugh.]

Gentlemen, you know nothing here of hard times; you cannot know them. Go to the commercial cities, where men, with a handful of notes from your very best merchants and land-holders of the west, go to the brokers and offer them as security, at 25 per cent. discount, for the loan of sums to meet bank engagements; and failing to get them cashed, are the next hour bankrupts. Go to the manufacturing villages of New England, where you came from, and you will see mechanics and manufacturers, who have sent out to the south and south-west their wares and goods, receiving back again the notes they had sent out for collection, and upon the payment of which they depended for bread. *Execution, levy, ruin!*

We have at the east a driving, desolating wind, that sweeps over our Atlantic states, called the *east wind*, that ofttimes extends itself to the base of the Alleghanies. But it seldom passes that barrier. Yet you may not escape its baleful influence here. * * *

I had desired, gentlemen, on leaving home, not to obtrude my political opinions on any one. But events have occurred since I commenced my journey, which make it proper that I should not conceal my opinions when called on. I am a public man, and have public duties to perform in the great crisis which our country is approaching. I desire no man to think with me, as I shall always most certainly think *for myself*. I know not what measure of relief the executive may have to propose; but I am prepared in my own person to suffer all the evils of a deranged currency, rather than give my aid to the establishment of a treasury bank which shall give to the government unwarranted power. Yes, better will it be for me and for you to endure ten times as much, and to endure it for ever; yes, rather perish credit, perish commerce, than to confer on the executive unconstitutional power, dangerous to our liberties. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, I know not how long this state of things is to last. But it cannot be got over speedily. Yet I do not despair of the country. It is young, strong and rich, and can bear any thing save too much prosperity.

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For your kind hospitalities, gentlemen, I again thank you, and trust I shall one day see you in circumstances less threatening than those which now await us, and that the measures of your prosperity may then be completed.

National Convention. The New York Gazette says—"We learn that a call for a convention of the business men of the country, to be held at Philadelphia, on the 1st of August, has been promptly responded to. Meetings have been held and delegates appointed in at least twelve States of the Union." We had not before heard of the appointment of delegates from any state except New York. None, we believe, have yet been appointed in Massachusetts. So far as we can understand the feelings of the Mechanic Association, here, they are opposed to the appointment of delegates or to taking any interest in the convention.—*Boston Courier.*